Pensioners

In Chelsea the old root
for Empire, in miniature

 frames their ribbons
 take the thin sun back-

lighting the Queen's Own
drilling in fields a-
cross the rushing street.

And they must stare through dust
of life to trill a codger lust

 as Sergeant-Major jaws
 a private soldier down, then

   struts himself away,
   to blur the diving light

   with brass, glittering,
       glittering.